

## The Evening World

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## SPRING CLEANING ARDOR CHECKED.

UPON the bare announcement of the coming street cleaning, many people began clearing up their premises and putting the refuse upon the streets. The energy is premature and its effects have been in many instances violations of the law. The Department of Health has had to halt it and rebuke it, giving notice that the inspection now going on is merely preliminary for the purpose of affording data on which to estimate the cost of the work to be undertaken later on, and that persons depositing refuse upon the streets before the date set will be liable to arrest.

The mistake on the part of the public is natural enough, and the action of the department is the only one possible under the circumstances. Yet it is a pity the fresh springtime ardor of the people should be quenched just when ready to burst forth in willing and zealous work. Before the proposed work begins the spring fever for cleaning up may have given way to languor and a desire to loaf. Then folks may have to be arrested to make them clean up their premises and clear out the refuse. It often happens that way.

## HUBERT VON HERKOMER'S HERESY.

WHEN so eminent a master as Sir Hubert von Herkomer turns from his pencils to the bioscope for professional work, we are in danger that brilliant interpreters of music may give up the piano for the piano.

Sir Hubert's argument is that with the "movies" one can make pictures without the bother of painting them, act plays without a stage and present stories without the labor of writing a book. The argument is valid enough, but it so happens that in the world of art, as in that of science and of industry, it is only the bother that counts for excellence.

We have applied the mechanical crafts to building to such an extent that architecture is almost a lost art. There are few men left capable of building a stone wall that will stand up of itself. A good many can yet make a piano sing, and paint a picture that breathes, but they are getting scarce. The next generation may see a world without bother and without art, content with bioscopes and pianolas, erecting monuments to Sir Huberts, but not confounding them with him whose praise was praise indeed.

## DOCTORS AND COCAINE.

BETWEEN the County Medical Society and the District Attorney's office there has arisen over the cocaine bill a controversy which, while settling nothing, has brought very clearly into light some things that should be settled.

It is the plea of the District Attorney's office that the bill is necessary for the suppression of crime and the preservation of the public welfare. The plea of the Medical Society is that the bill would tie the hands of doctors in their therapeutic efforts and is an insult to the profession.

These views, while contrary, are not contradictory. A thing may be needed for the public good and still be an insult to medical societies. The representative of the District Attorney's office, therefore, abandoned the interchange of opinions and took to facts. He said that a doctor had been known to sell within forty days \$5,000 worth of cocaine in the Black Belt. He added that a very large percentage of traffic in cocaine is carried on by doctors.

Thereupon the spokesman for the Medical Society said the facts are a discredit to the District Attorney's office rather than to the medical profession, for the guilty doctors should have been arrested.

Thus we get a lot of information and are left to decide for ourselves whether we should have stricter laws about the sale of cocaine or about the licensing of doctors.

## A MUNICIPAL BABY PLANT.

OUT of the discussion concerning the difficulties of womanhood in practicing a profession while bearing and raising children, there has come a proposal for the establishment of a "Baby Garden," where babies may be placed and duly cared for, leaving the mother free for the duties of her profession. It is further suggested that the new institution be made a part of the public school system like the kindergarten.

There is nothing revolutionary in the project so far as the schools are concerned, for it would be but an extension of the kindergarten idea from the play room back to the cradle. But it would complete the revolution of the home. With the father at his club, the mother at her professional calls and the baby in the public infantorium, what would be left of the family by the fireside?

Most striking, however, is the argument advanced for the enterprise. It is said: "There is no mother so unable to give proper care to her baby as the one that is with it every minute of the twenty-four hours; there is no wife so poor as the one that is always at home." A philosophy like that is more militant than smashing windows and throwing hatchets at statesmen.

## Letters From the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On what day did March 22, 1870, fall?  
J. J. K.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Does a man's religion or religious denomination affect his eligibility to the Presidency?  
P. P. P.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Which is correct: "It was made for him and I" or "It was made for him and me"?  
LOUIS W.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I offer readers the following instance of what some commission men do to help along! A relative of mine once sent 200 barrels of potatoes and two carloads of watermelons to a commission man who was getting away, re-

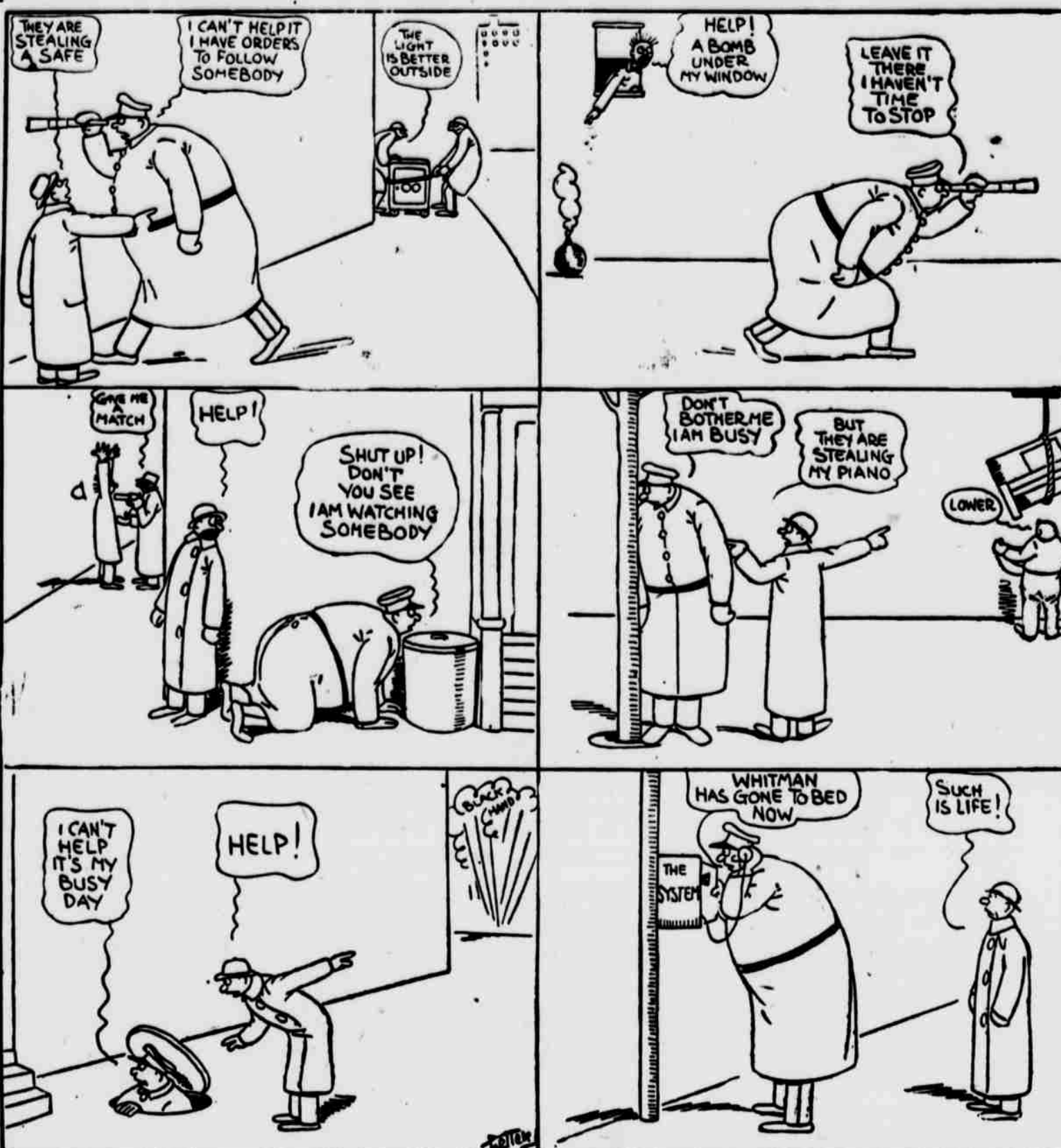
turns in a reasonable time another relative called at the store and priced potatoes. They were \$2.75 per barrel. When they did make returns to the sender they sent a total of 25 cents per barrel (or \$50 in all), hardly enough to pay for the barrels they were shipped in. For the watermelons—nothing—the freight and commission charges eating it all up! Is it any wonder some fellows can buy houses, autos, etc., and have all the luxuries of life while the farmer has to work for nothing? Naturally it scared this farmer from trying it again and by these means a certain element among the commission men are able to boost prices.  
R. F.  
Hicksville, N. Y.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Are there snakes in Ireland?  
A. B. A.

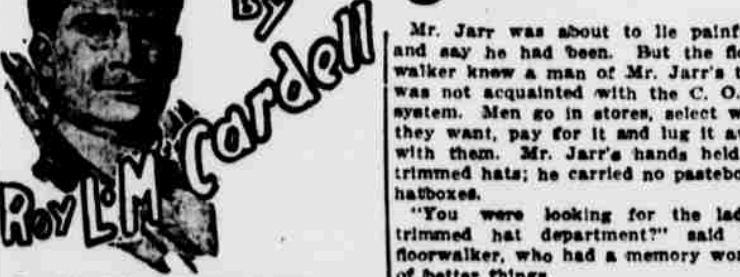
## Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

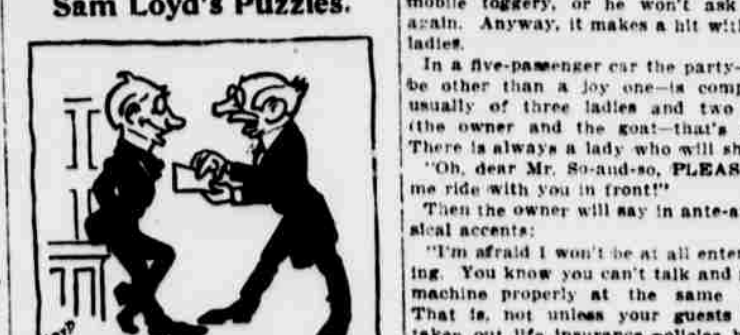


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Mr. JARR was about to lie painfully and say he had been. But the floorwalker knew a man of Mr. Jarr's type was not acquainted with the C. O. D. system. Men go in stores, select what they want, pay for it and lug it away with them. Mr. Jarr's hands held no trimmed hats; he carried no pasteboard hatboxes.

"You were looking for the ladies' trimmed hat department," said the floorwalker, who had a memory worthy of better things.

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Sam Loyd's Puzzles.

A "TWIN" PROBLEM—In his joy at the prospect of becoming a happy father, O'Shaughnessy vowed to settle two-thirds of his estate upon the "boy" and one-third upon the mother, but in case the "boy" should be a girl, then two-thirds of the estate should go to the mother and one-third to the daughter. When it developed, however, that the "boy" was a twin, which made it necessary to provide for both a boy and a girl, as well as the mother, O'Shaughnessy's mind was not in a state to decide upon the proper way to carry out the terms of the promise. What do our friends, especially the members of the legal profession, say should be the proper division of O'Shaughnessy's estate? ANSWER TO "MARITAL PROBLEM"—They were married thirty-six years, or when the bride was eighteen years of age. The husband was thirty at the time, so that to-day he is sixty-six and his wife sixty-four.

## Mr. Jarr Is Still in the Awful Throes of a Spring Hat Hunt

The money to buy Mrs. Rangle a hat and short, Mrs. Jarr as well as Mrs. Jarr a hat was crumpled up tightly in Mr. Jarr's hat. The edges of the bills exposed, and the floorwalker saw in this further evidence of Mr. Jarr being a mere man uninitiated in the mysteries of shopping in a great department store.

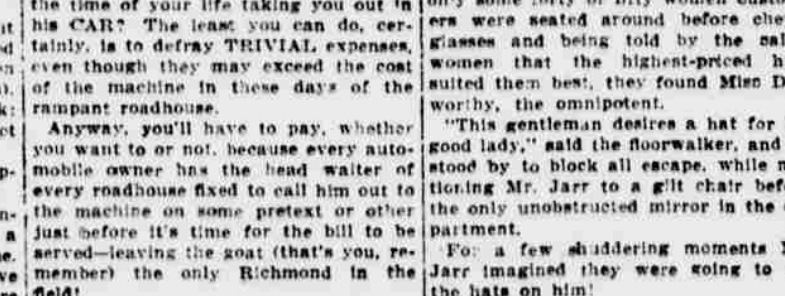
Laying a gentle but detaching clasp upon Mr. Jarr, the two-sided floorwalker raised aloft a well-manufactured hand in which he held a yellow lead pencil, and at the signal a deputy floorwalker stepped into the fixed post by the main entrance while the first floorwalker led Mr. Jarr back into the mainstrom of merchandising.

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## The Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 1—"THE TALE OF TWO CITIES," by Charles Dickens

LUCKIE MANETTE and her father, an old, infirm doctor, had come to London after the doctor's release from the Bastille. Years before he had offended two powerful French nobles, who had him imprisoned. When the French people cast off the yoke of the nobility and wrecked the Bastille Manette was set free—a trembling shadow of his former self.

Two men in London loved Lucie. One was Charles Darnay, the refugee Marquis d'Evremonde. The other was Sydney Carton, a dissolute young lawyer who looked enough like Darnay to be his brother. Few decent people would associate with the drunken Carton. Thus Lucie's gentle friendliness made him her slave. Lucie chose Darnay for her husband. But their early married life was rudely interrupted.

A letter of agonized appeal from his French agent sent Darnay back to Paris. Into the very heart of the awful Reign of Terror he ventured. And almost at once he was arrested.

Jacques Defarge and his amiable wife were ruling spirits in the mob that swayed Paris in those wild days. And the Evremonde family of old had cruelly wronged the Defarges. Thus Jacques and his wife were like bloodhounds on Darnay's track from the moment the luckless refugee dared set foot in France again.

The mere fact that a man was of noble birth was enough to send him to the guillotine. Darnay's doom was assured. Dr. Manette, urged by the heart-broken Lucie, pleaded frantically for his son-in-law, urging his own patriotic sufferings as a claim upon France's generosity. But Defarge was ready for him. He proved in open court that Darnay's father and uncle were the two nobles who had caused Manette to be locked into the Bastille and had left him there to rot.

Darnay was condemned to die under the guillotine's knife. All pleas for clemency were vain. He was at the mercy of the merciless. His girl wife was in despair. Dr. Manette was stricken and crushed by the impending fate of his adored child's husband.

Sydney Carton, with no word to any one of his intentions, resolved to stake his own life for Lucie's happiness. In spite of her preference for another man, the drunkard still loved her with all that was good and noble in his debauched nature. And quietly he set to work to rescue her husband.

He had passports for Lucie, Dr. Manette and himself that would enable them to leave France, and he arranged for a quick and safe journey to England on the night before Darnay was to die. Then, by influence and bribery, he managed to secure for himself a farewell interview with Darnay in the latter's cell on the very eve of the execution.

As soon as he was alone in the cell with Darnay Carton forced the condemned man to change clothes with him. Then, overpowering the astonished noble, he dragged him and shouted for the guards to come and carry away the "Englishman," who had avowed.

The guards answered the call. From the costume and general appearance of the senseless man they took him for Carton, picked him up and carried him out to a waiting carriage. Thence Lucie and Darnay went safely to England, the trick undetected.

Carton, left alone in Darnay's cell, smiled happily at the thought that he had brought back love and happiness to the heart of the woman for whom he was about to lay down his life. Bravely he awaited the hour of death.

At dawn he was thrust into a cart along with a frightened little sewing girl who had been caught in the Revolution's wide-swing net, and together they were whirled off through a yelling mob to the place of execution. Carton comforted and calmed the panic-stricken little girl as they went, giving her new courage for the horrible fate that was to be hers.

They reached the guillotine, at whose foot sat Mrs. Defarge and other hags, knitting in hand, gloating over the judicial murders. Still with the same quiet smile of victory on his haggard face, Sydney Carton mounted the scaffold, whispering:

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done. It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."  
(Next—"VANITY FAIR.")

## The Day's Good Stories

A Constant Struggle.

WHEN the Howard White-faced feud raged a few years ago in Clay county, Ky., a partisan of one faction came to Louisville to testify in a moonshine case before the Federal Court, and a reporter for a Louisville paper interviewed him on conditions in the mountains, says the Saturday Evening Post.

"You," said the clansman seriously, "things is in a mighty bad way up in Clay county. It's a honest fact that a man can't have no peace up there unless he's forever shootin' somebody!"

A Dull Job.

I was a Saturday noon and the school teacher pasting along the road was surprised to see the ordinary, ordinary Tommy sitting disconsolate beneath a tree in front of the schoolhouse.

"Where are the rest of the boys, said the schoolmaster. "They haven't run away from you, have they?"

"Come home to lunch," invited Tommy, trying to talk and whistle both at the same time. "Well, who don't you go home to lunch, too?"

"Can't," said Tommy. "You see, Mr. schoolmaster, we're playin' war, and I've got to stay here until the other fellows get back. I'm the armistice."—Judge's Library.

Jumping in Ireland.

TWO Irishmen were watching the events at a field meet, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. When one of the athletes jumped twenty-one feet in the broad jump, Pat remarked to Mike:

"Mike, that was a pretty good jump."

"Sure," said Mike. "It was, but nothing like what we had back on the Old Sod."

"Sure," says Pat. "And they never had anything equal to that jump."

"Yes," says Mike, "and they did. One day I saw a man jump twenty-three feet back—up a hill—against a strong wind."

The May Manton Fashions



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